

MENTAL  
INSURRECTION  
book 2

SPRING  
2013



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# UNIFIED BEING

From November 2003 <<< Yesterday, before leaving for Asbury Park, my brother-in-law stopped by the 6-12 and I went in for a bag of Fritos. I told the young woman I had been infatuated with for a long time that I would miss seeing her, that I would miss hanging around Downtown Freehold, Barrio. I told her "they" do I not want me in Freehold. She asked, "Who?" "The police and mi madre." Some of the local pyjons were in the store. I will miss many people in Freehold. Maybe some or even just a few will miss me. Welcome to Asbury Park! >>>

2003.11.15 <<< The Asbury Park Library is awesome. I love it (It is only one block from the Del Monte). They have Black Elk Speaks, Brunner's The Sheep Look Up, all of Emile Cioran's books, and much more. I am reading Harvard & the Unabomber: The Education of an American Terrorist. Anton Chase paraphrases Kenniston: "Most of our definitions of mental health are based on what society deems is acceptable behavior. And it would beg the question to call nonconformists mentally unhealthy simply because they rejected social norms." The ALIENATED, moreover, "make a virtue" even a fetish, of complete and ruthless honesty with themselves about their most undesirable qualities since awareness and self-understanding are central goals. They lack the desire to put up a good show... to appear normal —



a classification they despise." >>>

Note that not one excerpt was taken from the 7-volume series, "Volumes of the Hex". These contain the details of my struggle to process unrequited love of a woman I will refer to as N. I had been wondering just when I began listening to WBAI and see in my notes that I first began listening to it when I lived at the Del Monte Motel in Asbury Park living on "Emergency Assistance" after my mother refused to allow me to stay in her basement in Freehold anymore. I was and remains to this day caught in the web of the Twelve Step Movement, taking their advice when it comes to draconian measures such as "tough love". I hate AA. I hate their Higher Power. I hate the God of World Religions. Hell, so does John Tundell.

< insert links to Religion vs Spirituality >

From #78 to be transcribed to Memoirs, Volume 2

§ 31-35, 51, 111, 114, 115 (explain context), 116, 117, 120, 122, 123 (example of dream recall), 126, 141, 142 (poem), 144, 155, 156-8, Octavia Paz notes 160, 164 }

While I will not include the details of my breaking into my mother's basement for shelter New Year's Eve 2003, I want to note that a lawyer from NJLS told me that my mother having me move out 6 weeks after my release from a psychiatric hospital was INAPPROPRIATE. What's up with that?



One great quality about my mother in relation to me throughout my life, even though she may have haphazardly put me in harms way by denying me shelter in 1986 and 2003, she did bring me blank notebooks in 1988 when in Wharton Tract. She did take me in when I had problems with my sister and brother-in-law in 1990 on Dutch Lane Road (I said something atheistic). Mom took me in when I lost my job & housing in 1998. Mom took me in when I left Ocean Grove in 2008. Recently, as I mentioned, she took me in in September, 2012.

She sent me A Confederacy of Dunces in the county jail in the summer of 2011 before going to Sweden. Dad paid for my train to and from Seattle in 2009/2010. He also paid fines I had accrued while living in Federal Way. My mother knows me. She knows I love a blank notebook and some pens. She knows my love for Arthur Schopenhauer!

From #79  $\Sigma$  1-2, insert Mexican Masks, 29, 43-47, ~~78-80~~, ~~81~~ about guthusters, 132 explain more to Habeas corpus R.B., 135  $\Sigma$

lost #80 (February 2004 Red Bank) ~~out~~ while living in Tent City at Shoreline, Washington (STATE).





2013.04.24 Wednesday: The young man who took part in the Boston Marathon explosion told FBI that he and his brother did this because of the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan, adding that he and his brother acted alone, and were SELF-RADICALIZED THROUGH THE INTERNET. Now, another man, who is facing 15 years in prison for joining a website run by the FBI that posed as a RADICAL ANTI-AMERICAN ORGANIZATION. This is clearly ENTRAPMENT, a sting operation.

Does this not make one leary of sites such as the one centered on the work of Derrick Jensen? Surveillance culture. ECO-TERRORISM. Patriot Acts 1 & 2. Black lists. Military intelligence. Oxymoron. Bush & Obama. Dick Cheney. Empire. Automatic writing. Writing Madness. Bed bug infested Hell hole prisons. Anti-novel. John Brunner's Stand On Zanzibar and The Sheep Look Up. More than just literature. J-sock? Con-artists? The Management of Savagery? Samalia... Blackwater... private contractors... Murder, Incorporated. For-profit military operations in Africa. Rebranding Blackwater constantly. What is an artist to do? What is a thinker to do? Will self-radicalization be criminalized?

Dirty ~~Wars~~ Wars in Africa... CIA in Africa... Overt and covert operations. Warlords on the U.S. payroll.

We are living in a world where no one is immune to the payback for what the corporate state does to its enemies.

I wonder if social norms such as full-time employment give denizens an excuse not to think. What does it mean to be RADICALIZED if not simply to transcend the corporate mind rape known as the status quo business as usual? No wonder I disturb the gorts at the bar. No wonder I am so mentally isolated.



From 2004.05.09 <<< One has to learn how to relax, or one becomes overwrought and dangerous. We must learn to contact our own deepest levels in order to re-energize ~~this~~ our consciousness. Phenomenology is just another name for self-observation. Husserl talks about "uncovering the structure of consciousness." This is about descending into these realms of mental habit. Husserl had realized that while we have ordnance survey maps that cover every inch of the earth, we have no atlas of our mental world. What is the geography of consciousness?

Colin Wilson's fictional "mind parasites" drain man's lifeblood without his being aware of it. A man who defeats the mind parasites becomes doubly dangerous to them, for his forces of self-renewal have conquered. In such cases the mind parasites will attempt to destroy a man in another way by trying to influence other people against him.

We should remember that Beethoven's death came about because he left his sister's house after a rather curious quarrel, and drove several miles in an open cart in the rain. >>>

COLIN WILSON'S  
✓ THE MIND PARASITES

From 2004.05.10 <<< People are all so preoccupied with their petty worries while we are at last grappling with reality, that of the evolution of mind. Once you have got the knack of using the mind properly, everything follows easily. It is a matter of NOT giving all our attention to the outside world.



You have to get used to thinking how your mind works, not just "mind" in the ordinary sense, but your feelings and perceptions as well. "Feeling" is a form of perception. Feeling is a perception, but in a far more important sense, our "seeing" is also a feeling. Somehow our feelings have been blurred and our emotions have been jammed. Civilized human beings walk in a mental fog.

The more the human mind produces labor-saving devices and machines, the more it blinds itself to its own possibilities, the more it tends to view itself as a passive "reasoning machine".

Man's scientific achievements over the past centuries had only thrust man deeper and deeper into a view of himself as a passive creature.

Sex is one of man's deepest sources of satisfaction; the sexual urge and the evolutionary urge are closely connected. Frustrated this deep urge in some way, and it overflows; it tries to find satisfaction in all kinds of basically unsatisfactory ways, perhaps chasing oblivion through alcohol poisoning.

It is once again a matter of focusing emotion. A man believes that a particular woman will afford sexual satisfaction and persuades her to become his mistress, but the mind parasites interfere and he is unable to focus his energies in the sexual act. He is now rather bewildered.



She has "given" herself, and he remains unsatisfied. He decides that the trouble lies in his choice of woman, and promptly looks around for someone else.

The first thing I realized when I first started practicing Husserlian disciplines was that human beings have been overlooking an extremely simple secret about existence: that the poor quality of human life and consciousness is due to the feebleness of the beam of attention that we direct at the world.

That beam of attention is strongest in orgasm. A man has a sudden glimpse of a great idea; for a moment, his mind focuses. At this point, habit steps in. His stomach complains of being empty.

Imagine how it feels when you are hot and tired and everything seems to be going wrong. You feel as though the whole universe were hostile. Your feeling of security vanishes, and it seems that everything about your life is horribly brittle and destructible.

We all fight such battles a hundred times a day, and those who win them conclusively do so by pushing aside their tendency to worry about life... We all know this



truck of drawing on the "secret life" inside us.  
The mind parasites rely on habit and ignorance  
to keep the human race in chains.

A man loses touch with his "inner being",  
his "instinctive depths"; he finds himself  
trapped in the world of consciousness, that  
is to say, "in the world of other people."

Any poet knows this truth; when other people  
sicken of him, he turns to hidden resources  
of power inside himself, and he knows then  
that other people don't matter a damn.

He knows that the "secret life" inside him  
is The Reality; other people are mere  
shadows in of comparison! But the shadows  
themselves cling to one another.

"Man is a political animal," said Aristotle, telling  
one of the greatest lies in human history.

For every man has more in common with the hills  
or with the stars, than with other men.

The poet is a more or less a unified being;  
he has not lost touch with his inner powers.  
But it is the other men, the shadows, who are  
subject to the mind cancer. For them, human  
society is the reality. They are entirely concerned  
with its PETTINESS and MALICE and SELF-SEEKING  
>>>



Reach for the stars, dead poets in Hell  
I stay out of bars, enclosed in a cell,  
The higher I flew, the deeper I fell  
I smoked it all, my weed I don't sell

Before I starve, I'll tell you this:  
Open your mouths and drink down my piss

You think you're a boss  
But I'll kick in your nuts  
You don't know shit  
No ifs, ands or buts

You think it's funny when I can't find a home  
Laugh while you can  
My stomping grounds I still roam

And I'm gathering strength  
You'll soon see  
I'm taking back what you've taken from me  
My dignity, my dignity

You won't see me 'till I jump down from the tree  
And I damn straight,  
Your kids will be following me  
We'll see who gets the 2<sup>nd</sup> degree

That's it now, your last hope is lost,  
Count your dollars finks, then count the cost



8  
You folks just can't be trusted  
No, fuck this, fuck that, you're busted  
My advice to all those who rebel

Stand together, and stay strong as Hell  
And don't buy what the Big Merchants sell

Am I Fili's mopster? see how Dr.  
Frankenstein distanced himself from Frankenstein!  
See how Fili distanced himself from me.

I had an idea in 2003: Soul Catchers

"Sure, I will always be a gort buster warrior,  
but while busting gorts, amounts to changing  
hearts and minds, catching souls I  
amounts to possessing hearts and minds."

Ko MU SO → The Monks of Nothingness and Emptiness.

Ko → emptiness

MU → nothingness

SO → priest or monk



<<< I suffer from mental-emotional weariness. While I don't foresee  
 myself committing suicide, I do desire to die in my sleep. Each night  
 when I lay I down to sleep, I imagine not waking up. This eventually  
 brings me enough peace of mind and relaxation that I fall asleep.

>>>

Although I said have made it my policy to exclude most interpersonal  
 encounters from these memoirs and to remain focused on philosophical  
 insights, some passages just cry out to be included, such as  
 the following from 2005, Vol. 08

<<< Nito Cruz y su hermanas y su hermana are really using  
 the computer I mi sobrino gave them. I am proud  
 to have installed Derive, 2000 years of mathematical knowledge,  
 on to the hard drive besides Word processor, Q.Bert,  
 Galaxian, Galaga, Space Invaders and Black Jack. I gave the  
 elder brother, Nito, the Derive for Windows manual.  
 I understand personally how awe-inspiring that  
 software can be and I am inspired by Nito's  
 genuinely heartfelt interest in Derive, Algebra,  
 and I beginning to use Derive step by step in  
 solving problems.

There are people in my life that give meaning  
 and purpose to my being stranded out here at  
 the Flaming Motel of on welfare emergency assistance.  
 I think N would be proud of me  
 if she saw the Cruz Hermanos laughing wildly  
 in the room after doing all of my's ~~the~~  
 mathematics homework together. I began to  
 consider the politics of me becoming a high  
 school Math teacher in Freehold or Neptune/Abnott Park.



85  
~~The~~ Todd told Alexis, <sup>the middle son</sup> ~~the middle son~~, that he would be wise to "use Mike as a teacher" as much as possible since "he won't be at the Motel forever."

So, at least something very meaningful is coming from our journey through welfare. <sup>Angel</sup> ~~Nico~~ <sup>Nico</sup>, ~~Alexis~~, Hector, and I even ~~Christy~~ are utilizing me for my knowledge of mathematics.

I put in a few hours teaching each day, and this motivates me to hold I off on alcoholic inebriation as my clear-headedness is being depended upon by my younger brothers.

Alexis calls me his MAESTRO. >>>

"The only thing the young should be taught is that there is virtually nothing to be hoped for in life. One dreams of a Catalogue of Disappointments which would include all the disillusionments reserved for each and every one of us, to be posted in the schools"

~ CIORAN



Friendship is one of Nature's Miracles.

I am determined to make the journey to Pennsylvania to walk and converse with my good friend, Greg Delany.



Ø

As much as I abhor it 70 and the strip malls  
out here in Brick, I am relieved to live so near  
my mother as she ages. This is important to me,  
more important than landing a corporate job as  
a drone making monthly payments to Volkswagen  
for a fresh Passat. I have adjusted rather  
gracefully to living on the dole, and the lessons  
I have learned in Matawan, Ocean Grove,  
Seaside, Federal Way, Asbury Park, and even Freehold Boro  
have not been in vain.

I may have lost precious books, drum set,  
music collection, computer, network, computer software  
and irreplaceable notes from university, but I feel  
lighter in having lost them!

My life is less complicated than it has ever been.  
I am even comfortably being parasitical. Aren't  
large mammalian predators such as lions,  
tigers and bears also parasites?

I feed off the gargantuan artifice of civilization.  
My great teachers: Schopenhauer and Cioran.

I have been waiting for a breakthrough, a subtle  
inner transformation where I feel no guilt  
or shame over living as an eccentric literary outlaw,  
a thought criminal living on the dole, a  
SINNING PHILOSOPHER. Mad, Bad, and Dangerous to  
Know. I got out of Freehold Boro ALIVE AGAIN!



Ø

29

An excerpt from eight years ago 2005.04.19 which I would be wise to commit to memory. It will surely make it into my manifesto, *Memoirs of a Mad Prophet*, Volume Two (1998-2013?).  
Genius

<<< The dark image of a sinister, aggressive, predatory, and militarized Germany only became prevalent in this present century. Before it was plausible to present the German as an impractical, dreamy, sentimental being, looking out with mild blue eyes into a cloud of music and metaphysics, and tobacco smoke.

Stael portrayed for the Napoleonic French world of the early 19th century a Germany utterly unlike the grotesque image later drawn by the Allied propagandists of the two World Wars. Stael's Germans were a nation of "Poets and Thinkers," a race of kindly, impractical, other-worldly dreamers without national prejudices, and, strangely, in the light of later propaganda, "disinclined to war," kind of like Kurt Vonnegut Jr, Robert Pirrig, and myself. >>>

Ø

Now I really am living well out here in Brick, eating four large meals per day. Today I had eggs & sausages & toast. Chicken soup with noodles (4 bowls!). a nap (4 hours!). meat loaf & macaroni/cheese; lathy fish filet & Jasmine rice. STUFFED smoking discount tobacco preparing to sit in a hot tub of clean Ocean County water & I am comfortable sitting on pillows on the floor but looking forward to purchasing folding rocking chair on the 3rd. It's on sale, but the sale ends Saturday so I have to grab it before heading to Pennsylvania. My Trent & Pitt are made and in stamped envelopes to be dropped in box Thursday night.



73

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It is uncanny that I found Fahrenheit 451 by Ray Bradbury at the Thrift Store in Brick for \$10.00. I have been so engrossed reading my own scribbles, my own THOUGHTS CRIME, MY MIND CRIME that I haven't read a novel since Schopenhauer's The First Circle. Like Cioran or Schopenhauer, I am not a novelist. More like Cioran than Schopenhauer, I am not a SYSTEMS PHILOSOPHER.

Anyway, Bradbury has Montag express the same complaint I made out West, the same complaint I have about society in general:

"Nobody listens any more. I can't talk to the walls because they're yelling at me [TELEVISIONS]. I can't talk to my wife, she listens to the walls [TELEVISIONS]. I just want someone to hear what I have to say. And maybe if I talk long enough, it'll make sense."

- a line by the old man, Faber: "dangerous intellectual out of a job"

I'm actually relaxed and sleepy at 10PM. If I should fall asleep and get up at 4AM, so be it... coffee and a hot bath... eggs & rice & onion... a walk to the 7-11... a walk to Path Mark... phone call to Brother Gibby... and I am living a novel... I am the dangerous intellectual protagonist. By 10AM I imagine I'll be ~~rocking~~ rolling in the rocking chair sipping down a cold Mike's Harder Punch preparing for the monthly tobacco run, pending an early Mother's Day card to Mom with hard cash in it. I'll walk to tobacco store with a buzz.





20/3.05.13 Monday

Since RPP, i.e. H-91 (MIND IS BODY) Jan 2006 notebook has no page numbers and few dates and is mostly about infatuation with S, I will only take a few excerpts.

2006.01.27 <<< I really would be better off in the work force. Just to meet a compatible female companion? I'm most likely going to be attracted to any woman who shows me the least bit of attention. It is funny.>>>

The 50¢ copy of Sinclair Lewis's It Can't Happen Here, published in 1935 is surprisingly hilarious. I never knew he was so funny. It is meant to be disturbing and yet it is still satire - black comedy - dark satire.

<<< I overwhelm others with my constant revelations  
I talk in my sleep  
I get real I deep  
Down trails I do creep  
No matter how steep >>>

"Herpes are not defined by their status, but by the lives they touch," - Amanda Poverka

<<< Women are permitted to be tender, compassionate, and indecisive... She operates her life



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primarily on the basis of emotion. When a man like Carl Jung comes along, he attracts the animus/Anima in women.

With emotions and relationships routinely disguised and ignored in Western societies, social sciences that also ignore it serve a conservative function, helping to preserve the status quo in the EMOTIONAL/RELATIONAL WORLD.

Schopenhauer warns us that love will break its notes in the midst of all kinds of philosophical treatises and what not.

NOTE: This is definitely the case with me and my INFATUATIONS. This is why, in compiling these MEMOIRS OF A MAD GENIUS, intended to be philosophical autobiography, the excerpts from my private notes are so sparse, so few and far between.

NOTE: insert Pan sapien theory >>>

Going through some of my boldest statements, I wonder why I decide to keep these hidden from my "official manifests". I don't want to appear delusional, and yet I suspect that I am very close to the truth. The truth is an energy field which we stand in. We don't know truth. We stand in it.



From 2006.02.11 <<< Dream Recall

In a large, prison-like environment, screaming loudly and angrily, someone in authority yells in my direction that I seem to be one of the "badgers". If this was a parallel universe, there is great commotion on "The Other Side." A large black guard, "There's one of the badgers;" takes aim at me with a rifle and fires one shot. I wake up before the bullet hits.

I awaken with a great weapon: RADICAL PHENOMENOLOGY. An underground non-academic, non-professional radical phenomenology helps me sort out all the beautiful and deranged passions. >>>



2013.05.14 Tuesday Just as I am going through my "records" from Spring 2006, Matawan, which is the beginning of the Radical Phenomenology Psychoanalysis Series, the text I ordered arrived: Anger, Madness, and the Daimonic / dī-mōnjic/. It utilizes Existential Depth Psychology which is pretty much what I have been involved in in my deep introspection. Stephen A. Diamond catalogues the history of the PHENOMENOLOGY OF THE UNCONSCIOUS. Most likely I will be deeply engrossed in this text gaining insight into the creative potential of my own anger.



12  
Ø  
I will be taking some notes from ANGER, MADNESS, and the DAIMONIC.

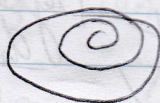
Demonology - the belief in the existence of spirits, demons, or devils - is probably the primordial prototype of the modern science of psychopathology; both paradigms seek to make sense of mental illness and aberrant human behavior.

Prior to 17<sup>th</sup> century revelations of René Descartes, it was commonly believed that an emotional disorder, madness, lunacy, or insanity was literally the work of evil demons.

Even Hippocrates (5 BC), the father of modern medicine, was first trained as an exorcist.

daimon → δαίμων

"Daimon possession" is the traditional term throughout history for psychosis.



2013.05.15 Wednesday I wake up around 05:30 AM, smoke tobacco, drink coffee, and search through Cioran's The Trouble With Being Born looking for a certain aphorism about how much easier it is to "let oneself go" when one has no more friends or relationships with others. I give up looking for it.



Then the realization that such insights may be universal to lived experience, and that I would come to such a conclusion ~~not~~ even had Emile Cigran never existed, had never published what he did.

Experience is what it is whether we choose to articulate it or not. How liberating to be indifferent to what others think of us!

How oppressive to have to be concerned about the ~~can~~ image we make in others' heads!

The ability to conquer the tyranny of public opinion makes one a sort of Master, a Spiritual Master prepared to be crucified, burnt alive, decapitated, stoned to death, lynched, slandered by an unsympathetic mob of haters and frustrated vaginas.

How many traps I have eluded simply by being authentic, just by being myself, my brilliant, unambitious, contemplative self, just by BEING rather than DOING!

With few material possessions, what I treasure most in my being are my qualities, the quirks and idiosyncrancies in my animal being, my temperament, my personality that make it nearly impossible for me to consider adapting to the idiotic norms of modern society. If society felt the contempt and disdain I have for it, ... that's right, it does.



Ø

I have an edge: the force of my intellect, that is, my edge is being me. Just my presence in a bar is too much for the locals to endure - to witness me being me, forces them to behold reality. So they must punish me in some way, make their disapproval official, label my entire essence "deranged madman". This gives them some consolation, makes them feel less inferior. And so I grin. It is the same wherever I exist. Shall I walk to the library today? Shall I pack chicken sandwiches, corn bread, water, jug, journals, Anger, Madness, and the Daimonic, and hike to the library?

I could contact reachoutwireless and inquire about tracking number for telephone. I could type some excerpts and even transfer some of my Memoirs to xhentric.wordpress.com. I could change blog name to "Crazy Talk".

Or, I could just loaf around just being me. Either way, I would be me. If I don't go to library, I would eat chicken soup at noon instead of upon my return.

Having gone without the telephone for over two months I has proven to me how detached I have become in my self-determined exile. My life is a living protest against the futility of doing anything. I have WITHDRAWN from Society.



While the emotional entanglements with a few women in Matawan in 2006-2007 will not be included in any way, shape, or form in my official on-line records, Memories of La Mad Series, Volume 2, I can make some observations in this ongoing auto-biographical analysis introspective analysis.

"When a man like Carl Jung comes along, he attracts the anima/animus in women."

Gail was honest enough to confide to me that she found my "brains" sexy, that she saw my tendencies to be deeply introspective admirable. In this respect, it was a mind-expanding encounter. Even the painful conclusions I came to with regards to my infatuation with Shalonda deepened my awareness, developed my character, sharpened my WITS. Even Candy was a kind of TEACHER as she made fun of me for being so smitten by Shalonda.

I also took note of how shallow many people are when it comes to emotional intimacy and relating to one another. So many people, I think in terms of sexual conquest or even physical dominance.

In the end, each of us is psychologically, existentially and phenomenologically ISOLATED as a UNIFIED BEING in pure consciousness.

That is the "I".

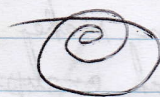
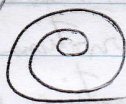
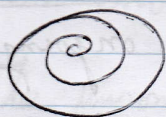
The life-world is everything, and everything is in the unconscious ... Our unseen, unacknowledged qualities are "the shadow" or "the Devil". Maybe it comes to the surface when we are drunk, or when we are in danger.



12

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Rollo May (existential psychologist) was a phenomenologist like the earliest Carl Jung.



2013.05.18 Saturday Today my mother will be by around 11:30 AM to transport me to the library - open until 5 PM. I can pack meatball sandwiches. I am trying to scan through material from RPP, the Matavan diaries so as to type up some notes.

Note: search for "San Blas" and transcribe (paste) some notes from The Crisis Theory into August 2006.

Ø

There is an unexpected benefit to going over my diaries from the past. So little is suitable for public reading. So much of what I write is too intimate, too personal, too revealing to be included in my official "philosophical autobiography." More to the point, so much is redundant, psycho-babble, nonsense, and chaos. In fact, that is the title of chapter 3.

1. Something Bitter Arises
2. Spontaneous Disobedience
3. The Touch of Nonsense and Chaos
- ? 4 ? → "That Terrifying Courage of the Rebel" ?



I am a beat, ape philosopher. In retrospect, seeing as I was virtually chased out of my hometown by landlord, police, hangers-on, and maff-rat traffic, not to mention cockroaches, ~~and~~ foul water, and reproach from the business-as-usual courts, Hall of Records, and haters, this move into Ocean County to Brick just 5 miles from where my mother lives has been an improvement conducive to my mental health.

I have more privacy here than I have ever had ~~with~~. There is no comparison. Murry Street and Freehold Boro was pretty much a nightmare even though I was able to BOND WITH "the streets". I was just too known. The traffic was getting me infuriated. The Chicanas were making me sexually frustrated. Lonnie Gray was becoming abusive. Officer Healy was chasing me out of town, harassing me constantly. My friends & Rican neighbors were becoming hostile toward me. I had broken my leg. I was spending too much of my limited income on health. I had stopped buying too much food as my residence had become a refuge for vagabond & Tommy. I had become a local celebrity.

Before landing back in Freehold, Asbury Park was even worse. The police there hate me. The Park Place Treatment center was a virtual DAY JAIL. Nowhere to hide up. George banging on my door at 6AM every morning for coffee... Officer Joan forms harassing me aggressively. Before landing back in New Jersey, Federal Way / Seattle. Nightmare. Crack & cocaine. Police troubles.



12  
And so, here I sit in my rocking chair with a belly full of food after having dinner I over eat my mother's. Two more weeks to go before I have funds, and I have plenty of food stocked up. Two weeks and I purchase a pool pass, giving me access to a source of physical therapy for my leg, wrist, and entire body.

Next month I may finally invest in a little tray & chair for the kitchen. I have become quite content with relieving my sexual ~~energy~~ energy in solitude. This represents a victory for I do so shamelessly.

So, I will continue to go through the Matwan diaries, and even though I am sure not much will be placed in Memoirs of a Mad Genius, Volume 2 (1998-2013) the diaries themselves have material that is just for my own understanding.

It appears that residing out here on Rt 70 so far from "towns" gives me a kind of HIDEOUT. Since losing my phone nearly 3 months ago, I can't even be contacted by the few people who even bothered to check in with me.

I have detached. My mother is my sole emotional support. I really have no need for a personal computer as I am only concerned with storing my MANIFESTO on a blog, and that's it.



I have become "harder". Going over my diary material, my most intimate records, keeping track of abuses I have endured, I understand my tendency to embrace solitude. I am not missing out on anything. There is nothing to be had in this world, not in Matayan, not in Asbury Park, not in Freehold, not in Seattle, not at the Arrowhead bar down the road.

My experiences with having to do with others has given me the strength and courage to be unapologetically honest about my preference for solitude. This even has a profound influence on what I write, about as well as why I write. If I truly have contempt and disdain for the masses, why would I concern myself with any reach or efforts? I could reach out to the few as Schopenhauer has. I guess that is what I am doing with this on-line project...

MEMOIRS OF A MAD GENIUS.

For the most part, I intend to enjoy my own brain, my higher mental faculties. It no longer matters to me that people don't read the books I read. Maybe I am becoming more evil for my own good so that I might be protected against the stupid, the shallow, the vampirism.

While I am enjoying the work of depth psychology and the phenomenology of the unconscious, I may enjoy reading It Can't Happen Here (Lewis 1935).



Going through Matawan diaries from summer 2007 just before I was asked to vacate apartment #223, I recall just how authentic I am with my emotions - and how I have encountered women who may like me but who refuse to become intimate with me because they sense the raw passion of my feelings. These are life's lessons.

It was good to leave Matawan. It was good to leave Ocean Grove. It was good to leave Federal Way / Seattle area. It was good to leave Asbury Park.

It was even good to leave Freehold Boro. I wonder if I will be able to renew my lease here in Brick. I have been fairly calm.

I have no hangers-on. I eat well. I wonder. I like being this close to my mother. She is aging rapidly and I want to cherish days with her.

It is good to have no entanglements with women who don't really care about me. It is also good not to be stalked by those who see me as a sanctuary. I actually have privacy here at Rocky Mountain Jct. - besides neighbors spying on me!

I guess my experiences with women have made me leary; and since I seem to have no intentions of ~~go~~ finding gainful employment, I am destined to get by like Schopenhauer, ~~the~~ Nietzsche, and Cioran. Women are not attracted to authentic, passionate, radical thinkers. They want a provider. They want security.

There is no reason for me to want or expect to find a woman to pair off with. My fate is to be the eccentric lover... the mad genius.



Not only will there be a huge gap for 2007 and 2008 since I gave my nephew about ~~12~~ notebooks, but even 2006 - 2007 from my years in Matawan, not much at all will be used for my official "MANIFESTO".

Is this pseudologia fantastica?

\* a curious need to disguise or destroy the story of your life.

I don't include emotional entanglements with women and the drama involved in "tee-pee creeping"... trying to become close to more than one woman, ~~and~~ you know, when women seek out emotional intimacy with you but sleep with other men & then I have the nerve to cause all kinds of drama over your emotional entanglements with other women. I don't think it is a matter of destroying the story of my life as much as it is a respect not only for my privacy but a respect for the privacy of those whose lives have ~~been~~ been involved in my story.

The same goes for those I have shunned with using recreational drugs, those who have assaulted me, etc. Too PRIVATE.



From early October 2007: <<< All of Dostoevsky's heroes question themselves as to the meaning of life. They do not fear ridicule. When I feel like a character in some existentialist novel, I have to remind myself of the truth: that existentialist novels contain characters like me. I am not like fictional Henry Fool. Fictional Henry Fool is like me. I am indifferent to the demands of the big bad so-called real world... a Confederacy of dunces manipulated by mass media... brainwashed denizens and corporate drones. >>>

I want to contemplate the contents of my own mind for my own mind is far more fascinating and interesting <sup>to me</sup> than anything Hollywood has to offer. I am defiant, stubborn, and courageous, a wolf among dogs.

"There is no fate that cannot be surmounted by scorn."

I delight in making schedules and then defying them.

Being alienated allows me to say things the more well-connected would never say or even think again, much like the fictional character from A Scarlet Letter harassed by the medicine townspeople who believed she was at their mercy or had to pay deference to their casual opinions. >>>



(add note in italics from 2013)

As for the tyranny of public opinion, I am at odds with their judgments, disdainful, contemptuous, scornful.

Do people want to see me punished for my extraordinariness? The nerve I seem to have, huh? How dare I be captivated with my own thoughts! How dare I prefer to hear my own voice rather than sit passively before the propaganda box called TELEVISION! How dare I not be impressed with celebrities on TV who have also turned the internet to shit, ~~by being~~ as we are bombarded with the corporate mind-fuck (relentlessly) even on the internet, a once sacred haven for finding some coherency in the midst of so much shallow, wealth-warped bullshit.

<<< Psychologists go about trying to explain phenomena. Phenomenologists try to describe experience.

Clearly, I am insulted by the manner in which our dumbed-down media-saturated celebrity-worshipping society receives me. I perceive myself as a great thinker, and this stupid wealth-warped society sees me, <sup>at best</sup> as dangerous, or worse, as a clown to be poked with a stick, harassed, or beat down into silence and submission! >>>



Ø

I am evidently furious over these most recent complaints about loud music, my talking to myself, my scaring others with talk of falling someone.

What, people listen to me reading literature out loud, reading my own notes, preparing to become an orator? Do they and the management of this apartment complex intend to silence me into an oppressive condition of "rolling over and playing dead" like they do?

I have been considerate, as far as music goes, but I will go to the office tomorrow and defend my right to read out loud, to record myself as I practice orating/speaking.

I am recording digital files that eventually will be uploaded onto the Internet. Are they going to tell me that people are free to watch TV (actors speaking, reading scripts) and I am not free to speak for I listen to recordings of myself speaking?

Are they going to tell me couples are free to laugh and converse, but that my "conversations with myself" are disturbing?

What the hell is this but harassment?  
Just because I happen to think coherently and record my observations or literature I find entertaining, now management concludes I have "problems"?



1984  
Fight this mind fuck!

Face and face down the mob, the herd, the  
nosey neighbors jealous of my inner freedom!

Does this imply I will be harassed the entire  
time I dwell there, that I shall feel  
oppressed as long as I reside here?

What next? So, neighbors can spy on me,  
overhear what I am reading, accuse  
me of "threatening to kill someone" and now I  
am to live in fear of being homeless?

I will FIGHT BACK! I will resist oppression!

I am fed up with CITIZENS' HARASSMENT GROUP.  
What the fuck is going on here?

Am I perceived as dangerous simply because  
of the spiritual power of my being?

Accused of "chanting and dancing to Native American  
music"? What if I do listen to  
some Native songs and sing along?

It is never "in the middle of the night"!

Yes, I am furious and I will stand up for myself.  
I am sick of being at the mercy of conventions.



More from October 2007: <<< How's this for honesty?  
 To Hell with false modesty. False modesty  
 is a lie! The genius is treated  
 as though he were mentally deficient or emotionally  
 imbalanced so that the mediocre drones don't feel so  
 stupid and dull-witted. The mediocre get to  
 laugh at the genius to compensate for their  
 own mediocrity. We shall be equal or else face  
 the consequences of being a wolf among obedient  
 well-trained dogs!

My philosophy is a mode of being-in-the-world.  
 Mine is an existence of philosophy, a  
 manner of thinking in which I seek  
 to become myself. What am I? Why must  
 I always pay everlasting regard to  
 the casual opinions of others?  
 If my manner of being disturbs the dimwit  
 of next door, and they seek to  
 harass me by informing authorities that I  
 appear to be "disturbed" or  
 "dangerous," am I to sit back and  
 be oppressed or subjected to some kind  
 of psychiatric evaluation?

What am I? This is not a problem to be solved  
 but a mystery to wonder.

PHENOMENON → "that which reveals itself"  
 There are no guidelines for BEING ME. >>>  
 \*THIS → 69, 74-5, 77, 78  
 #101 (234)





2013.05.22 Wednesday I awaken calm but still angry over the latest attempt by nosy neighbors to harass me into silence. I am not sure if I even want to acknowledge the phone call management has made to my mother, but I do want them to witness my resolve to stand up for my right to

- (1) read books out loud
- (2) converse with myself, think out loud, record myself reading or speaking
- (3) listen to music at a low volume

I can ask, "Can I expect to be harassed like this as long as I stay here? Must I live in fear of neighbors complaining about me every time I read out loud? I am practicing oratory, developing public speaking skills in the privacy of my apartment. Now I have to feel oppressed and speeded upon?"

Maybe I will stop at the leasing office before going to the library. I will try to retain a sense of humor. Recall Toole's A Confederacy of Dunces and the comical quality of human interactions, such as nosy neighbors over-hearing me recite my poetry, read my essays, and read books out loud. Chanting... singing... Behavior considered "bizarre" and "disturbing". Now I have to face management accusing me of having "psychological problems" and "alcohol abuse".

I am not concerned. Just because I don't sit in a coma passively watching TV, but instead listen to myself SPEAKING, does not mean I am dangerous to society.



28  
Isnt this a case of citizens harassment? How wide-scale is this phenomenon where the genius, in just being himself or herself, is at the mercy of spineless busybodies who are disturbed by any manifestation of passion and superior intellect?

This is not just a post-911 surveillance society but seems to be a common element in mass society...

Recall essay The Tyranny of Public Opinion.

Recall Mark Twain's Tailor Billings, how he was mocked and roughed up by the ruffians of his society - even his stupid wife!

A good sign is that I feel mentally strong, emotionally more stable than ever. I am confident that I will be able to defend myself against this harassment. In the meantime, I will most likely think about where I will move to next in 2014.

There are freedoms of natural movement and thought that are extremely difficult for society to limit. It is extremely difficult to prevent me from bringing my own animal body to orgasm. With self-induced orgasm, my being asserts its natural power against those who seek to limit my sexual freedom. Likewise, by confronting management about their phone call to my mother, I will display my determination to resist such draconian attacks on my creative freedom.



# ARMING THE SPIRIT

Ø

The manager, Kathy, was very kind to me, letting me know I will have to get a large rug with foam under it as well as table, chairs to absorb some of the sound as all my surrounding neighbors can hear me when I talk to myself. She says I should not "do my work" - recording my voice (or listen to it) late at night.

From August 2008, <<< I do what I do and you do what you can about it. >>>

Ø

Since I will be paying for pool privileges in June and getting a little table/chair to sit and eat meals - \$ $(75 + 30 + 20 = 125)$ , I will wait until July to get the rug. This is just the way it is. I'll just have to be more quiet at night. Wherever I go, my energy field radiates, creating some kind of disturbance. I am missing Freehold less and less. The police there have targeted me as a radical cop-hating anti-capitalist revolutionary, and the only thing I really would want to do in Freehold is hang out on the sacred grounds of my childhood - Belaire. I will be heading into Freehold next month? Maybe before I receive a pool pass if I get the phone before the third.



Ø

Charles Baudelaire, a favorite poet of Antonin Artaud, wrote:  
 "Oh, the great misfortune of those who cannot be alone!  
 - as though, to shame, all those who rush away to  
 forget themselves in the crowd & ..."

The cause of almost all our misfortunes is our  
 inability to ~~be alone~~ sit still in our room."

Wasn't this what Tolstoy had to say about Dostoevsky's character  
 Raskolnikov, that he was his truest self when just sitting in  
 his apartment thinking? Maybe there are many I like  
 me who are disconnected from TV-LAND and even  
 the Internet, where TV-LAND plants itself as well.

I really believe that going without entertainment and even  
 the Internet is granting me access to a now secret  
 yet primordial realm, a dimension of existence  
 many are uncomfortable in, whereas myself, I am one  
 with it. This capacity to be alone, inspecting  
 the contents of my own mind, is an EDGE.

Didn't Simone de B. write in her diary, "Amazing how much  
 one can get done when people leave you alone!"

I suppose there are those who may resent me for living in  
 the same apartment complex as they do when they have  
 to hold down a job and I pay close to \$900  
 per month. They see me wandering around reading, writing,  
 often drunk (early in the month) & always smoking a  
 cigarette... I suppose they figure I am BAT  
 SHIT CRAZY OUT OF MY MIND or just a GENIUS.



EP

(C)

2013.05.24 Friday Rather than count the days until I can pay rent, pay bills, apply for pool pass, Reload freezer with meat, purchase small table and chair for kitchen, and maybe even get a rug and foam to absorb "echo" in empty apartment, I want to seize the day. This means I want to continue typing up excerpts from my diaries. I do not regret "leaving most of my scribbles on the shelf" as most of what I write is psychobabble meant only to vent my frustration and fears, to process, to get to the bottom of what ails me. In other words, the part of each month where I am penniless which is usually at least three weeks, does not have to be looked upon as miserable. In fact, since this is the norm for me, it is basically my natural state.

I seem to have made a commitment to eating plenty of food. This translates to intense concentration, as soon as funds become available, on securing enough food for the month, securing enough tobacco, rolling papers, coffee, and, of course, paying rent, bills, and some added expense, as something such as rugs, chairs, tables, telephone, etc.

This is my life, and I am actually proud of my way of life, proud despite the fact that my way of life defies the idiotic norms of mass industrial society which promotes productivity, acquisition of status symbols such as automobiles, clothing, "position in society", etc. I am focused on "well-being", and I trust that my way of life is a better model than those ostentatious consumers who judge me as ~~the~~ A MENTAL CASE.



Ø

I was able to type up excerpts from p. 91 at the library today, walking back in cold rain. I feel great after 4 cups of coffee and a warm bath. The sudden cold, below 50°F, is quite a drop from yesterday's 86°F. Actually, I am relieved.

With less than 40 notebooks to go through, I may finish this project before the summer is over. While the damaged leg does hurt somewhat after the hike to and from the library, I am confident that the exercise is beneficial to its healing and strengthening. I see so many women that I am ~~would~~ so very attracted to, but I certainly realize my way of life does not attract any woman who is looking for security.

Still, I am not bitter over this. I'm no stud. It would be an incredibly unique and courageous woman to take a chance in becoming intimate with a deadbeat philosophical intellectual hippie Bohemian like myself; and yet I cook well, I communicate well, and I am fairly independent as far as "emotional security" goes. As Schopenhauer has said a couple hundred years ago, not every Hansel gets his Gretel.

Now I will heat up leftover liver, yellow rice, and broccoli. Maybe later this evening I will have a burger, a cheese burger even. I guess I can take a little break from going over my "records" and continue reading Anger, Madness, and the Patience as well as It Can't Happen Here.

Ironically, it is during the many weeks when I am penniless that I am most calm. As long as I have enough food, tobacco, and coffee. At 46 years old, I guess I am finally used to my solitary nature, seeing it as an "edge" rather than as a pathology.



20  
Ø  
The potentially perilous yet absolutely indispensable energy that the Chinese call chi is what Schopenhauer calls will. We could also call it the daimonic. The daimonic contains the irrepressible, predetermined, biologically based urge in all beings everywhere not only to survive, but to exuberantly assert, advance, and reproduce themselves. When this psychobiological urge is repeatedly frustrated or inhibited, be it in animals or humans, depression generally follows. (Diamond 1996)

Despite the fact that lithium carbonate can control - though not cure - the ecstatic episodes so characteristic of this "disorder" (my quote), many patients vehemently resist taking lithium, fearing (with some justification) that their lives will become barren, and sterile if forever rendered devoid of the daimonic. Typically, such patients have an intuitive appreciation of the daimonic and its valuable qualities - despite all the trouble it causes them. Indeed, many - if not most - seriously mentally ill patients are quite resistant to taking psychiatric medications. Some patients seemingly prefer living with their feverish symptoms to the bland tepidity of "normalcy" or "social adjustment" of promulgated by mainstream psychiatry and psychology. (Diamond 1996)

"... if people have gone so soft and turned the world over to stuffed shirts and dictators, they needn't expect any decent woman to bring children into such an insane asylum! Why, the more you really love children,



the more you'll want 'em not to be born, now!"  
 (From It Can't Happen Here c. 1935 p. 214)

Going over these diaries from 1978 up to 2009 has given me a better grasp of why I left New Jersey. I suppose going over the diaries from out West will give me a better grasp of why I returned. All the while through the drama, I see how I have been continuously forced by circumstances to detach and renew. Returning to New Jersey placed me right back in the towns of Asbury Park and Freehold where I am known and harassed by the police. This is my life, my life story.

Now in Brick since January 2013, and away from Freehold since August 2012, I witness how much better I've been eating, how much more time to myself I've had. Without a phone since the end of ~~April~~ February - three months - I have really detached from everyone but for my precious mother.

Since I have been warned by management about everyone in this apartment building hearing me talk and sing like a madman, I am in need of a ~~safe~~ safe place to "let the demons out."

Is Freehold a safe place ???  
 Suppose I sleep in the woods and fields of my childhood and just hang there for a couple days early in June, getting it out of my system. I can then return to Brick and try to be quiet, try to HIDE.



While I had promised myself I would not be purchasing any more texts, since losing such a huge & personal library when I went out West, the two books I have purchased over the past year are very unique: Thomas Ligot's manifesto, The Conspiracy Against The Human Race motivates me to stick with Schopenhauer, Cioran, and some Nietzsche as these thinkers are a small minority standing against a mass of lies and "positive thinking".

This latest work of Depth Psychology is not only obscure and unique, but the subject is about exactly what I am dealing with, which makes it for me a literary adventure. I am more engrossed in the core of the matter than the medical doctors the State would pay to "treat me", to "fix my behavior."

I'm not sure if I will need another text anytime soon. I may search for the book on

PHENOMENOLOGY and NATIVE AMERICAN THOUGHT over the summer, maybe via AMAZON.COM.

I am certain to return to Schopenhauer as well, starting with another reading of The World As Will & Representation, Volume 1 One.

Schizophrenia and Bipolar Disorder, what the medical profession refers to as "PSYCHOTIC" or "mentally ill," from time memorial have been called "MADNESS," "POSSESSION," or "INSANITY." Is such POSSESSION a curse or a gift?





2013. 05. 25 Saturday I have no regrets about acquiring this text, Anger, Madness, and the Daimonic by Stephen A. Diamond. I have wanted a copy of it for years. This rare text confirms many of my own speculations about the nature of so-called "mental illness" or "insanity".

"Contemporary psychotherapy is in a state of acute crisis and chaos. There is scant concurrence among psychiatrists, psychologists, and other mental health professionals as to the causes, and consequently, the most efficacious treatment for mental disorders, even at this highly touted, technologically advanced state of the art." ~ Diamond



Follow your bliss! Do I feel "survivor's guilt" for enjoying eggs, sausage, and bagel, drinking coffee, smoking tobacco and leisurely contemplating mathematical truths, depth psychology, and classic subversive literature while human beings are being force fed in prisons, supposedly in order to protect my freedom to "follow my bliss"?

I don't want to think about that. Since there seems to be nothing I can physically do to liberate such prisoners, I hide away in my apartment eating, shitting, and thinking. I may even join the jailbirds in a nap. I do sleep deprivation here. Do I want to be fearlessly, shamelessly honest? I suppose I will lay down on the floor, on pillows - my humble bed - and I will enjoy my higher mental faculties by reading It Can't Happen Here. Maybe I will NAP.



There is some definite relief I gain in my own  
subversive, seditious, and radical refusal to be  
totally silenced. I discover that my inner voices  
become louder and louder the more I am  
silenced. Here I don't mean audible voice, but the  
literary voice, the voice that writes, the bleeding heart,  
the Artist makes his stand.

At 10:20 PM I do something a little radical:  
I make coffee determined to finish reading Sinclair  
Lewis's It Can't Happen Here <sup>1935</sup> so that I can  
begin reading Kingsblood Royal <sup>1947</sup>, also by Lewis.

Since I have discovered the nature of freedom is on  
the interior of life, I do not feel so oppressed  
when I refuse to sleep just because  
others sleep, when I refuse to even  
consider purchasing a motor vehicle just  
because the masses purchase automobiles,  
when I refuse to date or even consider marriage  
as something desirable. My entire being radiates  
RESISTENCE and MENTAL INSURRECTION  
against idiotic norms!

It is no wonder I feel compelled to go into Freehold  
to get drunk in the woods and fields, scream to  
the heavens and pass out on the dirt under the Big Sky  
Mind! It's a LIVING PROTEST against "going over  
and playing dead." There is nowhere in Brick, even in  
the privacy of a residence where I pay rent, where I can  
"BE MYSELF." Tonight, my only refuge is literature!



Note that the character, Emma, wife of Doremus, like my mother, doesn't think it is wise to "rag the legal authorities". People on the Internet have inferred that I am surely on some kind of watch list for articulating my spiritual dissatisfaction with the corporate world order so coherently. How is it, I have somehow even managed to "reach" the Lumpenproletarian, "the streets", the Mexican population, and even some youth?

Like the main character, Doremus, I am surprisingly spunky - and I have a tendency to show off and shock people. In a world with so little coherency, so much deception and shallow values, it is no exaggeration to say my Presence of Mind is rare and can't prevent itself from "SHINING".

Well, we'll see what the drones can do about it!

It is clear that my life is a LIVING PROTEST against the status quo. As long as I am perceived as a joke, I am fairly safe from persecution. Were my ideas and lifestyle to influence the youth in a substantial way, then I might be considered dangerous to the orderly lives of the pious. Then an exorcism ritual would be enacted to drive away the "evil spirits".

Am I concerned about an organized campaign against the living animal bodies of those of us who have proven to be such a difficult population to "serve" (modify, tame, subdue, corral, silence, coerce, PROGRAM, destroy, defeat)?



PP  
It is at moments such as this that I feel I am being  
"preserved". Collecting "social security" since 2005 at the young  
age of 38. How many people put their nose to the  
grindstone until they are in their seventies? Am I to be  
praised for this, that I have stumbled into a minimalist  
lifestyle, that I am content without the "normal"  
furnishings and entertainment systems, that I am  
content to contemptuously turn my back on mainstream  
society, to have the audacity to breathe calmly,  
read literature, enjoy my being? Revenge is sweet, no?

I am thoroughly enjoying Sinclair Lewis's novel, written in  
the early 1930's & yet so relevant today. I can't help  
but reflect upon the smugness of the ass-lickers  
employed at the Monmouth County Court House - the  
prosecutors office... Now if they have a huge building  
of their own in Freehold right on rt 33  
& across from Sorrento's sub shop. How convenient for  
lunch time, eh ass-lickers?

I remember sitting in court with my broken leg,  
eye-balling the prosecutors... sometimes blacks &  
whites crawl even further up the asses of "Your  
Honor" just to secure their "position" with  
the authority of the State. Truly pathetic.

What is it about the power of my intellect  
that enables me to see right through the  
farce, the illusions of control, the dynamics  
of social control? I was pleased to notice  
had captured the affectionate attention of a hot young Puerto Rican  
or WAS she ~~is~~ Southern Italian?



My mother was told to go home early since Home Depot management ~~told~~ surmised they didn't need her, so she came by my apartment and dropped me off at the library for a little more than an hour. Since I am so impressed with Sinclair Lewis's It Can't Happen Here and nearly finished reading it, I grabbed another novel which promises to be a transformational read: Kingsblood Royal, with an introduction by phenomenologist, Charles Johnson (c. 1947).

It is to be a "wickedly funny portrait of a man who 'RESIGNS FROM THE WHITE RACE'!" Hey! Why has it taken me this long to discover this story? Now I don't mind being a book slut!

I also took out a book by Michael Boylan and Charles Johnson called, An Innovative Introduction (PHILOSOPHY): Fictive Narrative, Primary Texts, and Responsive Writing.

With 9 full days of pennilessness, I will focus on reading the literature while I have no funds for incubation. Even though I plan to escape into the Woods of Freehold early in June, I am going with the flow. I am actually delighted that laying on pillows on the floor reading is exactly what I want to do anyway! Can I this be true?

Will the Boylan & Johnson text tie together philosophy and literature for me? Many people might ~~have~~ not enjoy depending on the government for income and housing. They might be overwhelmed with foreboding and internalise the opinions that the employed have toward those they see as "deadbeat layabouts" or "losers". Me? I just don't GIVE A SHIT about public opinion!



On a day such as this, when I am content to have no cash since I have enough food, tobacco, coffee, dry milk, ink, blank notebooks and literature to get through the month, I sense that "Nothing that is so, is so, and that by resigning from the WORK FORCE I have discovered a secret dimension, what JQ and I called THE SSI Monestary.

There may be a conspiracy to make those living on government relief appear as social parasites, deadbeats, lazy layabouts, scoundrels, con artists, etc, but when one does the math, seeing how much meaningless work is done for the sake of work itself, one begins to get a glimpse of the farce of society.

Note: My mother quit her job at Home Depot today so she has some dignity. At age 72 with her nervous condition, since she was only getting about \$40.00 worth of hours per week, why should she put up with some bitchy manager poking her with a stick?

After this experience my mother must have even more respect for my non-participation in the work force. Dignity? Now, I am quite content to read seditious literature. What else would the knuckledraggers expect a philosopher to do in mass industrial society?

seditious → sedition: incitement of resistance to or insurrection against lawful authority.



What is the underlying theme in common with the satire (literary), A Confederacy of Dunces and the independent film, Henry Fool?

Isn't the basic message that a genuine thinker, a philosopher, will want no part of being a modern-day wage-slave? Isn't it revealing that a woman such as "purple" or "bloo" could at once be inspired by John Taylor Gatto and the two above-mentioned works of fiction, I hate the fact that she submits to wage-slavery (because she has a husband and they own property which they have to pay taxes/mortgage), while simultaneously representing prisoners who get medical attention, I watch TV, and freeze in the summer from air-conditioning blasting?

Why can't she see those of us on the dole who own no property as the heroes we are? Is this IRONY when so-called middle-class have sour grapes toward the poor living on government relief since the poor have attained something reserved for the very wealthy — leisure? Money costs too much time!

Are these the true seeds of fascism, when the employed middle class is pitted against the growing numbers of unemployed, college-educated loafers who refuse to play the role of dishwasher, landscaper, grocer, postal worker, state slave?

Am I finally coming to the conclusion that a thinker living on the dole is better off laying low, in hiding like a thought-criminal rather than audaciously broadcasting his victory to the corporate drones? Do I get my revenge by LIVING WELL?



801  
I mean, there are great secrets, are they not? Suppose the youth should grasp the spiritual fulfillment one can experience sitting quietly reading sections of literature with no intentions of preparing for a career or getting married or gathering status symbols or "cleaning up one's act," or having a reputation as being a "hard worker"?

I engage in a thought experiment where I imagine my teenage self seeing my current self as some protagonist in an existentialist novel, and I wonder if I would see myself as a hero.

I think I would. No, I KNOW I would see myself as a hero. I have not only resigned from the mythological "white race," but I have embraced my voluntary exile from the mainstream dominant society that I disdain.

Since the price of food and tobacco and other necessities is on the rise, I don't have too much to spare for drinking myself into oblivion, so so-called "alcoholism" is not very problematic at all anymore. Paradoxically, I am most content when I am penniless — as long as I have, like I have said countless times, food, tobacco, coffee, and literature.

With literature, I am free to choose the obscure, subversive, wickedly funny and highly intelligent, rejecting the stupid, shallow, dull-witted ~~entertainment~~ peddled by Hollywood and the corporate



Now that it has been brought to my attention that the entire building complains of the noise coming from my quarters, I have become rather quiet. Now I know the score... this place is oppressively quiet. My response has been to cease ~~and~~ ~~reading~~ reading out loud. Curiously, I find myself even more thrilled, I than ever before **THINKING! READING** intelligent authors. Speech can be policed, but who among my eavesdropping neighbors (snitches) is I capable of policing or controlling my **THOUGHTS?**

I really am living existentialist, science-fiction. It is simply a matter of firing up the imagination, witnessing the stupidity of the crowded highways, the motorists, the looks on people's faces. It is as though everyone can recognize one who has effectively **RESISTED** the energy-vampires that turn human beings into humanoid or automaton.

I behold my childhood friends, both Greg Gibroy and Rich Bore, devoting their energy to corporations during the work-week, partying hard on week-ends, ~~satisfying~~ surrendering to the corporate mind-fuck. At least these old friends of mine know me well enough to realize I do not envy such a lifestyle, that I have resigned myself to **BEING THE PHILOSOPHER-IN-THE-FLESH**.



201  
Ø  
Most wildlife spends a great deal of time HIDING, so it should come as no surprise that a complex large brained creature should HIDE. And yet, to write seditious and subversive ideas and post them on the Internet for all to see is an attempt to REACH OUT to others IN HIDING, to get a message out there to other lone, solitary, thoughtful and fearful creatures that we are, in fact, LEGION, each isolated in a dimension called loneliness.

Maybe ... just maybe ... I am not destined to write a great novel but to live it - existential philosopher wandering aimlessly through the Wal-marts and K-Mart's without a penny, facing the emptiness in clear view ... unashamed and fearless. DISCONNECTED.

From It Can't Happen Here (c. 1935) p. 287 [the page happened to be folded - I got this copy from a Thrift Store for 50¢]

<<< It was impossible to sit in a public place without wondering which spies were watching you. So all the I would stayed home. >>>

Doesn't this make me want to get out there and walk? And I wait ... for darkness to come ... so I can be invisible! The utter silence of this apartment complex is just downright creepy. Does everyone have headphones on plugged into a computer? Obviously not since, evidently, everyone in the entire building hears me "talk to myself." Will I ever have genuine privacy? I can feel a change has occurred in me since I spoke to the "manager." I am THINKING SILENTLY - and isn't this a SIGN that I am THINKING DANGEROUS IDEAS?



This is not fiction. This is not a novel. Unfortunately these are the records of an actual living man in the flesh who finds himself a tenant in an apartment complex where all the residents are eerily quiet. Not only this, but when he speaks aloud, in reflection or contemplation, his neighbors hear him. I wish this were all I have to report to you, dear reader, but it gets worse. The neighbors complain to the management that they are "concerned" that this man is... what? alive? has a pulse? is agitated by the oppressive silence? is "not one of us"?

Yes, it is all rather creepy, more so, because, like I said, it is reality, not fiction. So, as was suggested by the kindly manager (who seems to know what a strange situation I find myself in), I walk around outdoors at night when I feel the primitive need to be a human being, i.e., sing, think out loud, and just to get a grip on the DEADNESS of the "normal," well-adjusted, well-behaved model prisoners of the prison-like ~~cells~~ atmosphere of Bizarrieland. As the hero and protagonist of this bizarre life-world, I face the conflict. Evidently I will not be permitted to disturb my comatose neighbors, and, since I am determined to remain in my mother's life to at least be a human animal, I bring in her world, which is this world of deadness, automobiles, and the rude horn-blowing humanoid that operate them. The strategy I have implemented to combat the oppressive, repressive atmosphere and prison-ambience of this apartment complex and town is to read intensely the most subversive literature I can GET MY PAWS ON!



My non-conformity in our wealth-warped society comes natural to me. All I have to do is follow my bliss, and I am quite easily at odds with my surroundings. I have no desire to acquire the "normal" sort accessories or status-symbol credentials.

Am I beginning to appreciate philosophy as a **MODE OF EXISTENCE**?

Like some of the prophets and philosophers of the ancient world, my **TEACHINGS** are not to be found in my literary records, but in the fabric of my day to day existence, in my mannerisms, in my refusal to "pick a career"; in my total lack of interest in "dating" or investing time or money in entertainment meant for passive consumption.

When I read ~~some~~ a novel, and I am very particular about which ones I will read, I have to identify with the protagonist. Will I ever write such a novel as Giamyatin's

We on Ira Levin's This Perfect Day or Brunner's The Sheep Look Up? It is doubtful. There is no doubt that I am **LIVING** such novels in the flesh.

I suppose I will invest about \$150 into some accessories for the apartment to help sound proof and to make daily living a little more comfortable: small table and chair for the kitchen + 15x8 rug and foam for **LIVING AREA** where I sit in rocking chair with my feet up + one reading lamp. I will also wait until Wednesday, June 5<sup>th</sup> to get most my food as I want produce and meat from Farmer's Market.



811  
Ø  
In the Introduction (c. 2001) to Kingsblood Royal (c. 1947 Sinclair Lewis) phenomenologist ~~poet~~ Charles Johnson (author of Being & Race) speculates that Neel Kingsblood may "to a limited extent... have been based on Walter White, who once was referred to by Lewis as a 'voluntary' Negro." (Charles F. Cooney)

In Great Negroes Past & Present, White is described as a "blue-eyed, pink skinned Negro with reddish hair," a description identical to Kingsblood, the fictional character created by Sinclair Lewis.

Some fragments of Charles Johnson's introduction are worth writing down since they are relevant to the theme, The Tyranny of Public Opinion.

I want to be a man whose "romantic and rather terrifying courage, has not been blunted by the banal slickness of electric refrigerators and tiled bathrooms and convertible coupes, in other words, all the detritus of contemporary lives mired in conformity, lies, materialism, hatred, and anti-intellectualism."

"That TERRIFYING COURAGE of the individual confronting the tyranny and topophilia of the tribe is constantly held up for admiration."  
Confronting herd morality!



# THAT TERRIFYING COURAGE OF THE REBEL

In the spirit of "the best revenge is to live well," as in eating nutritious food throughout the month rather than going for an all-night "high" once a month then living like a starving dog the rest of the month, & the best revenge against these sub-human women on youtube who measure a man's worth by the length and longevity of his hard-on is to explore in a sensual and tender manner one's own animality in intimate privacy with oneself where there is no "performance & anxiety" whatsoever, where the sexual impulse is tended to with utmost attention to one's own pleasure. This too, like eating well, is a healthy form of rebellion against counter-directed approval seeking.

There are many ways to rebel against the overt psychological operations which attempt to coerce the masses to consume the products of this spiritual wasteland in exchange for our ENERGIES, our IMAGINATIONS, our ATTENTION, what the ancients called "our very souls."

I rebel against the institutions, the norms, the work ethic, the body-building craze, militarism, Hollywood celebrity culture, world religion, the general anti-intellectualism of spectator sport enthusiasts and automobile tough-guy machismo mentalities.

I REBEL AGAINST IT WE,



2013  
So what am I to do? I'll purchase the area-rug and a lamp. I'll pick up as many pillows as I can at Thrift stores... I'll lay I on the area rug, on pillows writing... It's just what it is.

When I drink, I like to sing. There is nowhere to sing. The woods are not thick enough for me I to hang out with radio singing.

The bars will not allow me to sit I in there singing or joking. I can't go singing on Main Street in Freehold, since I am hated on by many spineless busybodies and botherers and police.

Could I make my daily writings into something like the novel Catcher in the Rye where I just tell it like it is? I am a WILD MAN trapped in a world of domesticated and frightened, model prisoners.

There is nothing to do but eat, and read, and, when inspired, to write like I am writing now. Where do people go to let loose?

They go shopping. SHOPPING! They go to the movies, THE STUPID MOVIES!

They go to Barnes and Noble to pay \$4 for a cup of coffee. THEY DRINK COFFEE!

The literature I have is more obscure and of better quality anyway. And so, there is nothing to be had I out of there. I just want to go drink in deep woods to scream into the sky.

Maybe I can even record The Devil in action. For tonight, I will read quietly in my apartment-cell.



This is how I have "saved my mind". I do not believe in a "soul" unless by soul I mean "imagination"; the frontal lobes of the brain. The quietness of this place alone has become something very creepy, but I am not allowing it to wreck my nerves.

I still have access to this source of freedom - writing, thinking, reflecting. There is nothing to be had out of there except booze and maybe some herb. What then? Walking around along highways?

And suppose I come to the conclusion that it may not be worth the risk of tracking down the railroad tracks to "sneak" into the sacred grounds of my childhood. Suppose this really has become some sort of Forbidden Zone where I may be stopped and interrogated on the way in or on the way out. And yet, where is there around here, Brick, for me to wander, where I know the landscape as well as I know Freehold/Tenney/Monahan?

Do you see? I really have not come to a decision yet as to whether or not I will go into Freehold. I might be tempted to have my head shaved by the beautiful Latin on South Street! If my phone comes before the 3rd, I might be even more tempted to go to sit with my friend B before heading into the woods. I sure would like to interview some of The People & Los Gentres in Downtown Freehold for my DOCUMENTARY.



Ø

So, where does this lead? All the strange looks I get... looks, you know, "shit-eating grins". Some looks of acrimony and irrepressible hatred, but mostly looks as if to say, "We all talk about you." In Freehold, I'm much the same phenomenon - in Asbury Park as well. Somehow, I am known... known as what? I am not so sure. There is the ever slight chance that just by scribbling away in my room while others are doing I god I know what - playing solitaire on their computer? - my presence reaches into the future. This may give me some kind of ENERGY FIELD that stands out or SHINES.

Ø

My little "rituals" are proving to be effective in protecting my "spirit" from the oppressive feeling that everyone in the building can hear me in my apartment even when I am quiet. THAT is how quiet it is in here, as though the people in here are not really human beings but some kind of humanoid automations spying, listening, part of some covert conspiracy or secret psychological operation.

I don't want to live this way for too long. Something has to give. Until I then, these rituals I will help: DAILY BATHS to relax and to display my spirit-power; walking at night in order to escape from BEING ~~at~~ I understand constant surveillance; uninhibited masturbation; eating food any time I want to. NAPPING in daylight.

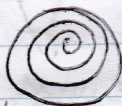




Another ritual I started tonight: at around 10:20 PM or so, I headed outside with headphones and recorder and listened to my "sermons" while walking, hitting pause every now and then to repeat out loud what I was listening to. This could prove to be a good way to memorize speeches.

There also were some songs I was able to sing to quite loudly walking along it. 88. I ~~am~~ was actually laughing at some of the "material".

May I be, I really am a philosophical comedian, and I am using the recorder to work on material. Some of the material is not comedy but songs and militant politics.



2013.05.28 Tuesday Today I allowed myself to go over some files on my recorder, and I had this sense that my studio badly stating neighbors were taking note of it, prepared to stretch the truth by "reporting" that my presence is just unbearable. Now, this is just a hunch, but I intuit it. Actually, I am prepared for it. I purposely don't put the radio on after 9 PM, and I no longer read aloud, at least not loudly. So, were I to be confronted about "cease and desist," I would be somewhat enraged. I would show my teeth. I remember the apartment in Federal Way, Washington, with the snooping born-again Christian freaks who were all too busy in my business. I remember how I had been harassed and made to feel uncomfortable in my domicile.



831

Freddie Brown had told me he would never put up with living like that. I would hang out in his apartment, to listen to loud music. He sure didn't share any such inhibitions. Cool old Black dude I with a stubborn streak. He could be mean-spirited to me, but one thing he made clear: stoic neighbors who make constant complaints, causing issues with management, is harassment. The Black woman on the bus advised me that she would not put up with people calling the police just for me talking to myself.

Hence, the writing is on the wall.



I will at least consider finding a different place to live. Point Pleasant could be trouble since it must be the hometown of homeowners - WHITE CHRISTIANS - who may see me as some kind of bohemian hippie agitator. I have had my fill of being conspired against. I like the unit itself, the kitchen, the bathroom, the clean water, the pool, and even the inexpensive tobacco in Brick, AND, most importantly, living just 5 miles from the dreadful Rt 700 from my aging mother.

Maybe I will NOT ~~RESPOND~~ REACT, but will stop and THINK first. Am I to be forced to become some "normal TV watching drone"? Am I not permitted to BE MYSELF? HOW GODDAMN QUIET DO THEY EXPECT ME TO BE?



Ø

Going through some notes from December 2008 about the similarities between *Gomgatus We*, Orwell's *1984*, Huxley's *Brave New World*, Verne's *Player Piano*, and Levin's *This Perfect Day*, I am compelled point out, here, in 2013, that, just like Winston in *1984*, Chip in *This Perfect Day*, and D-503 in *We*, I also hide in a corner quietly scribbling in a notebook, a diary. Whereas, in *1984*, Winston hides from the "telescreens", in this world of apartment complexes with walls so thin all the neighbors overhear one another, the "telescreen" or, "the eyes and ears of Big Brother" are the neighbors themselves, more like *Levin's This Perfect Day*, where "The Family" shows "concern" for a member who acts strangely - a sick member who "needs help," requires "psychiatric treatment".

What is the "character development" necessary to find heroically, to decide, once and for all, to face down the herd, to make it clear that I am not trying to "be like everyone else," but have the courage to rebel against idiotic norms?

Also in December 2008, a month before heading out to the state of Washington, I had proclaimed that I was leaving New Jersey, and Freehold, specifically, for good - "no more wandering up and down the railroad tracks" well aware that the local Africans think I am insane, rebellious, and kind of hilarious. They know that the police see me as a "trouble-maker". Now, besides my friend B, the people I speak to, and the words, do I really have the motivation to venture into Freehold?



152  
Ø  
I'm glad I had the sense to salvage some precious books, but I must still have a deep seated resentment about losing all my books and music when I went West, and my mother just happened to sell her house while I was gone. What actually happened?  
I can turn this around by returning to the texts that I actually salvaged, namely, SCHOPENHAUER, NIETZSCHE, and CIORAN... mainly, Arthur Schopenhauer.

Ø  
Revelation from December 2008: <<< If the seeds of fascism take root with the inner desire to be led, to be told what to do, to be managed, coached, bossed, trained, inspected, evaluated, then today's mental health care industry is a state sponsored campaign to weed out free thinkers, free spirits, the wilderness within us.

My escape to Seattle is an attempt to break the chains that bind me to being managed, coached, bossed, trained, inspected, coerced, evaluated... >>>

<<< Someone who posts at isis.phpbb3now.com, jokingly pronounced that massive intelligence oozes from the site and that he is here to "gather it". He says that our little Shout Spirit Society is a global think tank. I hesitate to read further as it is just too whacky NOT to be true. In Quinn's story of B the priest who is sent to determine if assassination<sup>FB</sup> is necessary, that priest himself becomes a disciple, become B itself. This is "counter-transference" or "psychic infection".



951  
©  
2013.05.29 Wednesday "The Obama Administration has become a sausage factory for creating political prisoners. The message is DO NOT CRITICIZE the POWER BLOCK." ~ Julian Assange

Is it becoming more and more clear to me that by not rising in the corporate world I have effectively displayed my defiant nature?

By refusing to take my "place" as a humble, contrite, docile, obedient slave as so many people from southern continents have done, by living on the edge as an unemployable phenomenon with no intentions of becoming yet another "lowly associate" of one of these corporations, I am openly defiant. Rather than feeling depressed, rejected, "broken," I remain DEFIANT and REBELLIOUS.

When gothbust.org and the whywork.org forums were out there on the Internet, there was no such thing as FACEBOOK. We wrote what we wanted. Now, with this corporate drone meeting place, Facebook, along with fancy video-oriented websites, there seems to be some kind of unfortunate ~~sadistic~~ lack of interest in actual content. This is a move toward video documentaries or a lack of motivation for more literate content. I refuse to feed into this phenomenon.

I do not mind, only reaching a handful of outcasts. In fact, these two or three people who actually take an interest in reading my "records" are my audience.

By now, a full ten years since I gave up trying to be the obedient laborer, living on government relief, devoting myself to THINKING COHERENTLY as I confront the authority of the State that would have me on anti-psychotics and corralled into some denigrating "day program," I have



been able to keep my "life-world" together, keeping my wits about me. By totally giving up trying to attract a female companion, I have accepted that I take into my hands my sexual impulses, thereby neutralizing the sexual frustrations which a man without resources must endure in a society where women are obsessed with financial security, social status, and the general perpetuation of the status quo.

I see myself as a courageous LION who has contempt and disdain for all the spineless automata who submit to the idiotic norms of the machine-age automobile culture. Of course living as I do may disturb the gorts as it makes a farce of their worldview. True philosophers have never been too popular with the conventional. The order of society is based on false authority which reverses the natural order of the universe, just as Arthur Schopenhauer pointed out a couple thousand years ago. My lifestyle has put me in touch with my natural rhythms and granted me a perspective unknown to those struggling to "keep up a good show."

Φ

I have LIBERATED my ANIMAL BEING on so many levels that simply breathing is great revenge. By stocking up on food, tobacco, coffee, eggs, fish, beef, and even dry milk, by reading literature slowly at my own leisure even when I am penniless, which is most of the month, the miserable cunts and pricks who which take pleasure in denying me a dollar, were I to beg, are denied such ugly satisfaction -



0

A section of the philosophy text by Michael Baylan and Charles Johnson called *The Cynic*, written by Charles Johnson, contains a passage that speaks directly to me at this time. There had been complaints by "concerned neighbors" that I can be heard by everyone "talking to myself loudly". I had been using a recorder to record my oral voice. Now I am more prone to writing silently, especially at night.

This is a future story by Charles Johnson - the phenomenologist. He has Plato speaking.

<< For years now (after the execution of Socrates) I have carried on dialogues with him in my head, talking late at night into the darkness, saying aloud I - perhaps too loud - all the things I wanted to tell him, apologizing for things I failed to say, often taking his part in our imaginary conversations. I didn't want anyone to think I had wandered in my wits, so I began quietly writing down these dialogues to free myself from the voices and questions in my head.

- a question that haunts me day and night: How can good men, like Socrates, survive in a broken, corrupt society? >>

Now, recall that Schopenhauer favored the Cynics.

<< Antisthenes had his own school before joining ours. In his teachings he rejected government, property, marriage, religion, and pure philosophy and metaphysics. He preached that plain ordinary people could know



all that was worth knowing, that an ordinary, everyday mind was enough. He taught in a building that served as a cemetery for dogs. Therefore his pupils were called cynics (in other words "dog-like"), and among the most earthy, flamboyant, and scatological of his disciples was the ascetic Diogenes.

[Diogenes was Dionysian - undisciplined, frenzied] Diogenes was a clown. He made a virtue of vulgarity, wore the worst clothing, ate the plainest porridge, slept on the ground. He gave animals as his most trustworthy teachers. Like them, he was known for defecating, urinating, masturbating, and rudely breaking wind in public. He even said we should have sex in the middle of the marketplace, for if the act was not indecent in private, we should not be ashamed to do it in public. >>

Is it a sign of some contact with the Cognitive Unconscious, what ancients called the Spirit World, that as I plan to return to Schopenhauer's The World As Will and Representation this summer, I pause first to go through this "Innovative Introduction to Philosophy"? ?

I will go through it with the Holy Ghost of Arthur Schopenhauer as my GUIDE, in other words, paying attention to Plato, skipping Aristotle, paying attention to Kant, skipping Hegel.

The author Michael Boyer is a professor of philosophy. We know what Schopenhauer wrote about professional philosophers.



2013.05.30 Thursday We are called "the Dependency Class" in an attempt to attach a stigma of shame and disgrace to those who rely on food stamps, welfare, social security disability, rental assistance (section 8). What these feckless little fascists don't understand is that the tyranny of public opinion only has influence on gorts who believe that perception equals reality. When a human being slips through the cracks of the "make-believe" world of jobs, marriage, religion, property, and finds themselves homeless and hungry in the midst of ostentatious consumption, they don't give a fuck what these oh-so-productive Idrones think about those who depend on government relief programs.

I wake up with a slight headache so I cool the apartment down with air conditioning system. My electric bill was down to \$15 for the month of April, but I will see a spike upward over the summer. This is experimental. I will have to keep the sunbeams out to keep the heat out.

I decide to open the windows and merge with the heat. I listen to first voices radio about women shamans. I was able to record much on the recorder. I went for a long walk in the heat helps because when I return the apartment feels almost cool.

As I was not really into the philosophy text on Fiction-narrative, I may drop it to the library early tomorrow. I now to return to The World As Will and Representation, Volume 1 with Volume 2 w/index handy.



H.L. Mencken seems to have had a similar attitude as the recently departed thinking man's comedian, George Carlin.

He regarded the U.S. government as "corrupt, ignorant, incompetent and disgusting" and its people as "the most timorous, sniveling, poltroonish, ignominious mob of serfs and goose-steppers ever gathered under one flag in Christendom since the fall of the Eastern Empire."

timorous - of a timid disposition: FEARFUL

sniveling - to act in a weakly emotional manner

poltroonish → poltroon - a spiritless coward

ignominious - humiliating, degrading, despicable

In spite of Mencken's dim view of his countrymen, he was "curiously happy." Where else could one find such a good show as that provided by an unending succession of American buffooneries? This was Carlin's view and attitude as well. Carlin did not identify with any group, race, ethnicity, religion, etc. He declared to stand outside all groups as an observer who was entirely detached from any outcomes. Now, I know my trust in horror writer, Thomas Ligotti, led me to finally read the actual novel, Invasion of the Body Snatchers, but it was pure

unfathomable coincidence which led me to Mencken. Suddenly I am beyond the bounds of time.